

The Michigan Tradesman.

VOL. 5.

GRAND RAPIDS, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1888.

NO. 234.

F. J. DETTENTHALER

WHOLESALE

Salt Lake Fish

AND OYSTERS.

Packing and Warehouse,

37 North Division Street.

Office, 117 Monroe St.,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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We offer in car load lots good Timothy Hay. We have the output of four presses and can offer it in any quantity. Write for prices.

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Combines the Advantages of a

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System.

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20 Coupon Pass Books.....	\$ 1 00
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Money can be sent by postal note or post-office or express order.

E. A. STOWE & BRO.,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Jaxen
ANTI WASHBOARD
SOAP

This soap may be used in ANY WAY and for ANY PURPOSE that any other is used, and will be found to excel all in cleaning qualities, but if you will

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

which are plain and simple much rubbing, and consequently much labor and wear of clothes, will be saved.

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MUSTARD

BEST IN THE WORLD.

WANTED.

Butter, Eggs, Wool, Potatoes, Beans, Dried Fruit, Apples and all kinds of Produce.

If you have any of the above goods to ship, or anything in the Produce line let us hear from you. Liberal cash advances made when desired.

Earl Bros., Commission Merchants,

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Reference: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Chicago.
MICHIGAN TRADESMAN, Grand Rapids.

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

A. J. BOWNE, President.

GEO. C. PIERCE, Vice President.

H. P. BAKER, Cashier.

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Make a Specialty of Collections. Accounts of Country Merchants Solicited.

POTATOES.

We give prompt personal attention to the sale of POTATOES, APPLES, BEANS and ONIONS in car lots. We offer best facilities and watchful attention. Consignments respectfully solicited. Liberal cash advances on Car Lots when desired.

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Reference: FLETCHER, GROSS & MILLER, Bankers, Chicago.

PRODUCE!

We should be pleased to open correspondence with anyone having APPLES, POTATOES, ONIONS, BEANS, DRIED FRUITS and other Country Produce to offer. CAR LOTS A SPECIALTY. Consignments will receive our best attention. We are willing at all times to make liberal advances when drafts are drawn with bill lading attached. Goods sold on arrival or held as per request of shipper.

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Western Michigan Salesman.

W. H. BEACH,

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SEEDS,
BALED HAY,

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In Car Lots.

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We are agents for Brazil Block Coal. The best and cheapest steam coal in the market.

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MANUFACTURER OF

CANY HOOK and HEAVY HANDLES.

Jobber in Hand-Shaved White Hickory Axe Handles.

I manufacture my handles from rived second growth maple, turned 2 1-2, 2 9-16, 2 11-16 at bulge as ordered.

My stock is kiln-dried, and with a capacity of fifty doz. per day can fill all orders promptly.

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And Full Line Summer Goods.

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Retailers of

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Stationery & Sundries,

80 and 82 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Wagon and Sleigh Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Spring, Freight, Express,
Lumber and Farm

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Logging Carts and Trucks
Mill and Dump Carts,
Lumbermen's and
River Tools.

We carry a large stock of material, and have every facility for making first-class Wagons of all kinds.

Special attention given to Repairing, Painting and Lettering.

Shops on Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Overalls, Pants, Etc.,

OUR OWN MAKE.

A Complete Line of

Fancy Crockery and Fancy Woodenware

OUR OWN IMPORTATION.

Inspection Solicited. Chicago and Detroit Prices Guaranteed.

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Watch Maker

and Jeweler,

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Field and garden seeds of every variety.

MAMMOTH CLOVER,
MEDIUM CLOVER,
TIMOTHY,
ALSIKE,
ALFALFA.

We carry a complete stock of garden seeds and

GARDEN IMPLEMENTS.

A box of garden seeds containing 200 5c. papers delivered to you for \$4.

Send for price list of garden seeds.

ALFED J. BROWN, Seedsman,

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They Please Everybody.

BEST FAMILY,
HEADLIGHT and
LITTLE DAISY

SOAPS are conceded by all to be the best soaps ever sold in Michigan.

Comments are coming in daily. Send for price list.

Grand Rapids Soap Co.

SEEDS!

A FULL LINE OF

Field Seeds

AT JOBBING PRICES.

Drop Card for Price List.

C. AINSWORTH,

75 So. Division Street,

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

Telephone 297.

ELEGY ON A COUNTRY MERCHANT

Written Expressly for THE TRADESMAN.

The store-clock tolls the knell of business hours.

The weary clerk walks slowly towards his home;

Tired, the man of business darkly glowers At bills and notes, all due and more to come.

Then comes the nervous thought that now, to-night,

When days of grace—too short—are more than past,

Arrangements must be made to onward fight The threatening crash which surely 'll come at last.

Ponders his brain on how to get more cash. His books are flung from far in front to back,

And names of men—no good—upon him flash, Whom he has dunned 'till time and spirits lacked.

And, now, with thoughts returning to the past,

He tells his weary mind, "Tis all too late!"

His credit, once so good, is gone at last,

And he must reconcile himself to fate.

The morning comes, and, by the counter cold,

A man who trusted much has gone from earth.

And who will mourn? His creditors their gold

Squandered by him, who had of sense a dearth.

RELIEF.

WAR AND BUSINESS.

Written Especially for THE TRADESMAN.

What a school for a young man just starting out in life are the ranks in time of sharp, real war!

War and business, after all, are the schools which teach realities as no other possible institution of learning can educate mankind.

Doublets, many of the readers of THE TRADESMAN can recall the day when, newly-fledged, with their heads filled with "school ideas" and popular notions of the world (particularly of the glory and "bully times" reserved for gay soldier boys), they started forth to live the romance of a volunteer existence, "away down South in Dixie," and what a tale hangs thereon! The sudden awakening to the difference between romance, as pictured in the popular war histories and newspapers, and the reality of "grim visaged war" was truly an experience never to be forgotten by those who have been there.

The spreading of young wings preparatory to a splendid flight in the financial firmament, to find a plunge into the mud of failure instead, is no comparison to the young soldier's awakening from dreams excited by Fourth of July glory and dress parade glitter, fair promises of "splendid victories," to the bewitching airs of brass bands and the rhythmic drum beat, with excited throngs of fair ladies and well-dressed gentlemen witnessing the beautiful show, to "another world down there," as a late scientist terms certain life phenomena, down in the front where all glitter and ceremony is suddenly dropped and the real killing business begins.

I believe that the first troops at the beginning of the war, particularly those of the Potomac Army, had the rudest and most radical "waking up time" of any others. To illustrate, allow me to touch briefly upon one branch of our "educational experience":

When the regiment met at its first rendezvous at Adrian, during its first few weeks of regimental life, the contractors who boarded us hired two or three negro cooks.

The rations were, much of the time, fully equal to the best hotel table; but a lot of the boys took offense at the employment of colored cooks, raised a row, tore down part of the cooks' shanty, and finally the guards had to quiet the disturbance with fixed bayonets.

Now, I turn to a new page of our army life, about a year later. Those same high-toned lads who rebelled against the employment of negro cooks at Adrian were seen thronging around a Virginia dandy cook's shanty, rejoiced at the opportunity of giving a poor old negro or negress a quarter of a dollar for a piece of corn dodger no larger than a man's hand, and which had been baked in the ashes and was all covered with dirt and soot. Often they tumbled over one another in a frantic rush to be first served. Ah, I wish I had the time and ability to describe the particulars of this little schooling process, but it is unnecessary—it will all be plain to the "graduates" among your readers.

We also learned another valuable lesson between Harrisburg, Pa., in June, '61, and Aquia Creek, Va., in August, '62. At the former place, cattle cars were the only transportation left for us in the rush to the rescue of Washington. Many of the boys got angry at this treatment, although nobody could help it, as all other cars had been sent on. As we boarded the train, they began to knock off the sides of the cars with the butts of their muskets, saying that they "didn't enlist to be treated as cattle, but as gentlemen and patriots!" They nearly spoiled the cars. At Aquia Creek, after over a year of schooling, as we were completely exhausted by weary marching, a train of flat cars was sent to take us to the front; and, although we were covered with red mud, and had to lie out in the rain, to ride and give our weary legs a rest was the greatest luxury we had ever known up to that date. Not a single complaint, but there were many expressions of thankfulness that we had a chance to ride while others had to walk. I could fill a volume with similar

episodes of the schooling which taught us when we were well off and not to complain of trifles.

I said that the first troops, probably, had the rudest awakening—those in the Potomac Army of all others. Let those who were there recall the relapse between our "hurrah boy," dashing forth to the rescue of our noble country, and "On to Richmond," from June 30 to July 21, '61, and the Bull Run stampede, as the initiatory lesson of soldier life. We were "gentlemen's sons" and "high-toned, patriotic descendants of chivalry," deserving palace cars to ride in and first-class hotel fare, with white gloves and "biled shirts" at the outset of our romantic career, just ready to deck our noble brows with the garlands of victory and return home before Christmas on prancing war horses, the lions of the age.

Presto! Bull Run, Peninsular Campaign, second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, etc., and we were surprised at nothing, no matter how tragic, even when we were reduced to the lowest and most desperate straits and death in its most horrible form confronted us—twas only a matter of course. If we ran onto a feast of luxuries—turkey, hot biscuits and apple jack—it was all very natural; if down to a mouldy "hard tack" or Andersonville fare, it was just what we were looking for. If wounded and crushed among a host of slaughtered boys, why, what else could one expect? If, as sometimes happened, we got an extra ration of commissary "kill-me-quick" on Christmas and become roaringly, howlingly happy, 'twas all very proper and just what we expected. The fact is, no possible extremes of joy or woe came unexpectedly—the most unexpected was just what we did expect, and nothing surprised us more than to see a recruit manifest astonishment at the trivial turn things were taking. But there was an event that did often surprise us, and that was to get out of that mill of war alive and get through with whole bodies. Many a time was the soldier, when severely wounded, surprised and overjoyed to hear the surgeon say, "Oh, you'll get along—the wound is not mortal." To get back his life and feel once more, "Why, I'm all right!" was as if he had received a very great fortune—as an inheritance—so much clear gain—the very best that could be expected.

Now, in these times of business worry and wear and tear of soul and body, as we are groaning over "hard times" and bad investments, racing and chasing so frantically to "get on in the world" and complaining of our "hard destiny," would it not be well, comrades, to remember the "investment" that we made in 1861-64? We invested in United States bonds—not the visible kind, but they were strong. We were "high-toned" and "knew a thing or two" about how things ought to go in waxing out the Great Rebellion. We made a great many very faces, as dose after dose was thrust down our throats, and, at last, although it was terribly bitter, it proved to be the very best "medicine" that could be administered to "nice, high-toned fellows."

We surely did learn to realize when we were well off, and not one of us would take a million dollars for the lesson taught us then.

To-day, we often find men who possess enough material goods to keep the body comfortable and many worth their thousands; still, they worry over the future, are "awfully hard up."

Dull times? See here a minute. There were times when the world looked bright and happy to you, when the joint stock of two partners was four nubbins of corn, roasted over a camp fire, and when a dozen hardtack and a quart cup of United States coffee, without sugar or milk, just made a regular boom—a jubilee in camp! And, if required, I can and will send the names and post office addresses of at least a score of business men in Grand Rapids and vicinity who are now "hard up" on luxuries and thousands of dollars, who helped "boom things" in Virginia and Tennessee and who considered themselves rich with enough Government rations and a "dog tent" as their domicile. And there are hosts of subjects—"educated men"—who can readily recall those "splendid times," when life was glorious and a priceless inheritance, although one's capital was a soldier's outfit, without a surplus ounce or dime's worth of material outside of scanty clothing, a rolled blanket, killing tools and dry United States rations. How many an investor in "Government securities"—cold steel and army tactics—would have joyfully signed a contract never again to worry over "hard times" and "bad luck" if the Confederacy were once thoroughly wiped out and peace once more came to give us a rest from the tempest tossings of remorseless war. It came at last—all our highest hopes were realized! Ah, don't you remember it? "Victory at last, boys! victory at last!"

Well, now, let us not forget, when we begin to worry over a hard destiny, the times when to ride on a muddy flat car and sleep in the rain was, indeed, as luxurious a pleasure trip as to take a palace car had been before we were "educated," and when a Virginia hoe cake was cheap, although baked in the ashes by a ragged negro, at a quarter of a dollar (and great good luck it

was to get it even at that price), and when an unperforated body and the opportunity of breathing free from pain and exhaustion, thirst and hunger were good enough for "a gentleman's son" and a United States volunteer in the war.

The best education is to know when we are well off, and the highest college graduate who has not learned this A B C of life is worse than sunk in illiteracy and the direct kind of ignorance. A soldier's philosophy (is it not a religion?) always expects the unexpected and makes the best of the worst that can come. Let us, now and then, try to profit by the lesson and quit worrying. We are all rich if we only know it.

C. H. BARLOW.

Vinegar Good and Bad.

There are good vinegars in the market—there are also those which are inferent, bad and very bad. The latter are the most common. The best and most wholesome are those made from cider and wine. These retain suggestions of the apples and grapes from which they originally came. If carefully kept, they remain palatable for an indefinite period; if carelessly, they, like every good food-substance, are apt to become rancid and unwholesome. From a gastronomic standpoint, the best vinegar is that which is made from red wine; next to it are those made from white wine, cider and perry. The first is invaluable in salad dressing on account of its beautiful color; the second is most useful in those preparations where no color at all is desired; the third is available for general use, and the last comes to the front whenever the delicious jargonelle flavor is conducive to culinary success. Below this first class are the vinegars made from ale, beer and whisky. These are coarse, heavy and often offensive. They never, except in the case of whisky, are made purposely but represent the desire of some brewer or distiller to utilize goods which have been ruined by careless treatment and which would otherwise prove a total loss. The ale that sours in the barrels and hog-heads, the beer that begins to putrefy in the vaults and the wretched whisky which is so full of fusil oils that no dealer, not even the lowest, will purchase it at any price are the raw materials from which this class of vinegars is made. They cannot be said to be injurious, but they are simply miserable apologies for the real article. In England, they make what is called a malt vinegar from mashed malt, without distillation, by simply allowing the sugar fermentation to go on to acetic fermentation. It may also be stated that there is nothing equal, for domestic use, to a good cider vinegar, and consumers should be willing to pay a fair price for honest goods. By buying their vinegar from reputable dealers only, there will be no difficulty in avoiding such unwholesome stuff as we herein expose. Below this grade of whisky vinegar (bad enough in every respect) are the vinegars made in the laboratory by chemical processes and especially by the destructive distillation of wood. Unless skillfully refined and purified, they contain creosote, wood tar and other products of the same class, all of which are injurious, many of which are poisonous and some of which are fatal to the user. They have one advantage, and only one—they are cheap. They bear the same relation to genuine vinegar that mybane oil does to bitter almonds, glucose to pure sugar, sweetened dilute oil of vitriol to lemonade and lard oleomargarine to fresh creamy butter.

Good Report from North Muskegon.

NORTH MUSKEGON, March 6, 1888.

E. A. Stowe, Grand Rapids:

The Michigan Tradesman.

NOTIONS.

Written Especially for THE TRADESMAN.

The bald-headed man threw down his paper with an air of disgust, and the tall passenger, who is very economical and is, on that account, supposed to be of Scotch parentage, picked it up, much to the disgust of the newsboy, who had anticipated earning an extra nickel by re-selling it to the one-eyed man in the army overcoat in the rear car.

"Red-haired girls be durned," said the bald-headed man, and the tall passenger laid the paper down again with a sigh and asked, "What's the matter with the girls now?"

"Matter enough! You can't pick up a paper nowadays but what some idiot or other has some blamed fake about white horses and red-headed girls."

"Well, that's all right, ain't it? If their minds are superstitious enough to believe that for every red-haired girl in creation there must be a white horse, let them think so. They claim that it is so, and, from personal observation, induced by curiosity, I stand prepared to demonstrate that—"

"Oh, rats! Drop the dictionary!"

The tall passenger, in high dudgeon, picks up the paper and buries himself in it, and the man with the white tie, who sells paper and oil, took up the broken thread of conversation by saying, "Everybody has some superstition or other. I meet lots of people who say they are not superstitious, but, when you corner them, you find they have some fad or other. Now, take myself, for instance. I don't claim to be overly well-educated, but I do know something; and yet, if I upset a salt-cellar, I am uncomfortable until I have thrown some of the spilled salt over my left shoulder. When I get up in the morning, I invariably put my left sock on first, put my leg into my left pants-leg first and put my left shoe on first. Why? Because I once read somewhere, 'Begin wrong, end right.' Left being my conception of wrong, hence I apply the maxim."

"Yes, that's so," chimed in the fat man. "I ain't afraid of ghosts or spooks, and I don't believe I have any more reverence for things supernatural than the law allows, but if I don't sell the first customer upon whom I call on Monday, I firmly believe I am laid out for the week."

"Now, take old Riphard," said the tall passenger; "there is not a more profane backguard on the road. He drinks hard, gambles and does all things most disgraceful, and yet he once told me that from childhood up he had never, whether drunk or sober, neglected to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., every night before retiring. The reason is, I suppose, because away down in his corrupt old heart he has a queer idea of squaring his accounts by some religious form which he remembers from his childhood."

"I know a feller that had a ten-cent piece that he found once and that he carried in his pocket for over ten years. Well, de nibs lost it not more'n a month ago, and he jumped his posish and is hunting a new job because he was afraid his luck was turned and he couldn't do nothing, an' all because he lost the dime," chipped in the newsboy, while setting his fruit basket down on the fat man's plug hat.

"Well, take negroes—see how superstitions they are. There is scarcely a thing they hear or do but what is accounted lucky or unlucky; and I agree with the rest of you that we all have some fad or other, be it red-haired women or lucky pocket-pieces," observed the man with the specs. "Now," continued he, "I read somewhere, not long ago, that everybody is insane, and, after mature thought on the subject, I am inclined to believe that the writer was right in some respects. Every human being has a mania—some have more than one. Be it an over-strong love for home, the loss of that home and its influences will result in an aggravation of the mania, and the asylum or death follows. Be it a passion for money, the result is a miser, and we must admit that a man who deprives himself of the common comforts of life for the sake of hoarding up that which he cannot take with him when he dies is insane. Business cares are the cause of many cases of insanity. Some men are insane on the subject of horses, some on the little pleasure which strong drink can give them, others, again, on the subject of politics and more on women. Not long ago, through the kindness of a medical friend, I had the privilege of going through one of our large asylums in our own State—not as a mere visitor, to be shown the 'show places,' but to see the internal workings. I spent two days and a night there, and, boys, may the Lord preserve any of us from ever driving our hobbies so far that they may become a public nuisance and compel our being shut up for the public good! I saw men whose physical appearance was far beyond mine, who could converse fairly well on most subjects; yet, when their diseased minds in their unfathomable wanderings touched on the forbidden ground, they became dangerous to all near them. I saw lovely women whose minds had been destroyed from one or another cause and whose aimless wanderings and pitiable wanderings filled me with sorrow. They had been like unto us, but an increasing strain in one direction had overthrown the balance and their minds had tottered and fallen. The long-continued strain on any subject, no matter how harmless, can only result in such an overthrowing of the mind. Happy, indeed, are they that

they do not realize their horrible condition. Surrounded by the fantasies of their tortured minds, their sufferings must be intense enough without the knowledge of their utter helplessness. In the power of men who can do what they will with them without fear (for secrecy is strictly observed), the thought must come to us all, 'How are these unfortunates handled?' I believe, however, that kindness is usually observed toward all of them. There is that poor fellow we all know so well who sold crackers from Detroit. He was on the road for sixteen years, and his sole thought and ambition was to sell more goods than anyone else. Home, recreation, everything was but secondary to his selling more goods than his competitors. In the asylum where I saw him, just as he looked on the road, he is continually taking orders for fabulously large amounts of crackers and sweet goods and bemoans only the fact that his house cannot fill his orders. He recognizes no one and only eats, drinks and sleeps because nature demands it. In time, even nature will succumb to his mania, and then he will die. Geo. E— was also pointed out to me—a man who for years

was a highly successful clothing salesman. He represented for many years on this territory one of the largest houses in New York. Whisky, cards and women lost him his position. He sank rapidly down the scale, winding up as a bar-keeper, and six years ago he entered the asylum. He is rapidly falling and puts in his time selling clothing, playing poker and melancholy wallings, all by himself in a padded cell, for he is dangerous. Now, I don't want you to think that I can explain all this, for I shall not try to. It is a fact, and that is enough. Neither do I want you to think that I believe everybody is crazy; I only mean that we all have within us the germs of insanity, and certain circumstances will make them blossom."

"Yes," said the bald-headed man, "as the old quaker said to his wife: 'Sarah, I think all the world is crazy but thee and me, and Sarah, at times I think thee is a little queer.'"

LEO. A. CARO.

WHIPS

ADDRESSES

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CANDY

Jobbers In

Oranges, Lemons, Bananas,

NUTS

Dates, Figs, Citrons, Prunells, Etc.

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IMPORTERS OF

Teas, Lemons and Foreign Fruits.

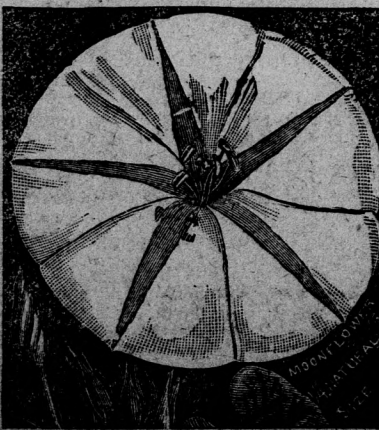
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Soaps and Niagara Starch.

Send for Cigar Catalogue and ask for Special Inside Prices on anything in our line.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING GARDEN FOR THE



Is this season the grandest ever issued, containing three colored plates and superb illustrations of everything that is new, useful and rare in Seeds and Plants, with plain directions of "How to grow them," by PETER HENDERSON. This Manual, which is a book of 140 pages, we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps). To all so remitting 25 cents for the Manual we will, at the same time, send free by mail, in addition, their choice of any one of the following novelties, the price of either of which is 25 cents:—One packet of the new Green and Gold Watermelon, or one packet of new Succession Cabbage, or one packet of new Zebra Zinnia, or one packet of Butterfly Pansy, or one packet of new Mammoth Verbena, or one plant of the beautiful Moonflower, (see illustration), on the distinct understanding, however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

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DEALERS IN

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HOTEL AND STEAMBOAT GOODS,

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Wholesale Agents for Duffield's Canadian Lamps.

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AND NOTIONS,

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AND 10, 12, 14, 16 AND 18 FOUNTAIN STREET,

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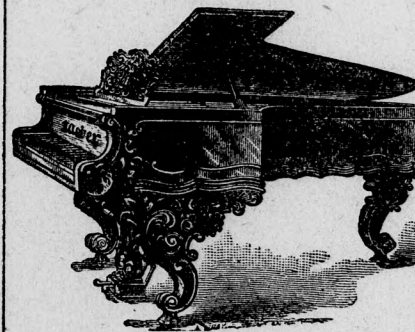
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Written Especially for THE TRADESMAN.

In place of my usual weekly aggregation of asterisks, I am going to chronicle, in this issue of THE TRADESMAN, a circumstance which I heard related, some years ago, by a veteran commercial traveler who is now a unit of the "great majority."

I don't like the narrative. I never like to hear or read anything which pertains to the tragic or melancholy features of human existence. When McCullough and Southern were among us, and I had the option of spending one evening with either, I always decided in favor of the latter. When I want to devote an hour or two to reading Shakspeare, for instance, I had much rather spend my time over the absurdities of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" than the depressing trials and tribulations of "Romeo and Juliet," or the credulity and barbarity of Othello. Life, at its best, has more clouds than sunshine, and when I have an opportunity for partially dispelling its clouds, I propose to take advantage of it.

But, notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the fact that the Traveler's narrative is one of a small tragedy, I am going to relate it, with only the lame excuses that it has never been in print before, and that I was somewhat at a loss for a subject this week.

THE DRUMMER'S STORY.

We were snow-bound on a Northern Michigan railroad. For hours, a fierce blizzard from the West had been uninterruptedly engaged in piling infinitesimal but innumerable particles of ice against every obstruction and into every depression. In our rear the snow was level with the platform of the last car, while in front, the engine's head-light looked into a six-foot drift. We were due at P— at six o'clock, and it was now midnight. We had consumed our surplus cigars, exhausted our interest in cards and were gloomily and silently waiting for the relief train, when one of the party turned to the portly, gray-bearded custodian of a couple of sample cases and inquired:

"By the way, Sam! what ever became of Burleigh, who used to travel with you so constantly, years ago?"

"Burleigh," said the grey-bearded man, sadly, "is dead, and he's been buried under a good many winters' snows—that is, what they could find of him to bury."

"Killed by some accident?"

"Y—es, you might call it so."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, it's somewhat of a lengthy story, and I'd merely give you the sequel, without the preamble, if I wasn't absolutely certain that poor Burleigh hasn't got a relative left whom you will ever run across; and I would n't relate the affair, for personal reasons, if I didn't know that a certain insurance company has long been defunct, and that I cannot legally be arraigned as an accessory to a fraud, or something of that nature."

"As you said, Burleigh, years ago, was my constant traveling companion. We were in different lines, and our business always worked together nicely and we always managed to take the same trains and use the same livery rigs and stop at the same hotels together. I don't think any two brothers ever thought more of each other than Jim and I; but, after awhile, Jim got struck on a pretty face, and struck pretty badly; but the pretty face absolutely refused to agree to a co-partnership unless Jim would consent to leave the road and settle down in some stay-at-home business. And, of course, he did agree and they got married and bought and moved onto a little fruit and garden farm in the suburbs of a lively town in the southern part of the State."

"As the place was on my route, I used to visit them frequently, and I never had any fault to find with my welcome; and, after a while, when some little shavers began to climb on my knee and call me 'Uncle Sam,' and 'Sam's room' became a recognized term in the house, the place became the nearest thing to a home that I ever possessed since my boyhood."

"At last, I noticed that Jim was beginning to lose his health and spirits. I could observe a material change for the worse at each successive visit, and I could see that his wife was worrying herself terribly over his condition. He told me that he had consulted a half-dozen, or more, local doctors, and that no two of them agreed regarding his trouble, and that he had taken quarts of various remedies without the slightest relief. The disease, whatever it was, was a mysterious and baffling one, but its effects were openly and ominously evident."

"After this condition of affairs had existed for a time, I finally persuaded Jim to accompany me to consult a noted specialist in the medical line. After getting to the city, we had to wait nearly a day before we could get an audience with the physician, but when he came to our case, the examination was long, searching and thorough. At its conclusion, the doctor leaned his head on his hand for a few moments, and then observed, slowly and sadly:

"My friend! One of the most painful features of our profession is, often, the simple duty of telling the truth. In your case, for instance, I might temporize and send you away with some hopes of recovery, but I think it better for yourself and family, if you have one, to say that I have absolutely located the place, and determined the condition of your trouble, and I say pos-

tively that if you live two more weeks you will happily disappoint me."

"The physician then described the disease, which was, as nearly as I can remember, a cancerous formation in some internal organ, which had reached the last end of its last stages."

"As a forlorn hope, we called on two or three more noted practitioners, who agreed with the one we first visited as regarding the nature of the trouble, but had various opinions as to the number of days or weeks which were before the patient."

"Burleigh received the various verdicts calmly, and with no perceptible nervous depression. On the evening of the third day, we went to the depot to take the night express for home, and arrived about ten minutes before the gates were open to the trains. While waiting for the time of departure to arrive, my friend occupied himself with reading the various placards on the walls of the station, and at last I saw him pause a long time before an insurance card which informed the public that, for a very small sum, travelers could insure themselves against accidents for any amount not exceeding three thousand dollars, and that contracts could be made at the ticket office. Then I saw Burleigh go up to the ticket window, and, after a short conversation, exchange some fractional currency for a piece of pasteboard. I asked him what he had invested in, and he replied that he had insured himself against accidents for twenty-four hours; that if what was left of his life should be accidentally snuffed out before he got home, his family would be better off by three thousand dollars."

"After the train started, we went into the smoker and lighted our cigars. For an hour or more, little was said, and no reference made to Jim's impending fate. At last, he remarked:

"Sam, do me a favor?"

"Anything in my power, old fellow! What is it?" I said.

"Don't let a human being know the decision of these medical fellows until I give you permission."

"What! Not even your wife?"

"Nobody, I said! Outside of the doctors, you and I are the only ones that know anything about my situation. They don't know my name or residence, or even my State. Now, will you promise me?"

"After trying in vain to get his reason for this singular request, I finally made the

desired promise, and Jim grasped my hand and said:

"God bless you, old friend! I know you'll keep your word! Faugh! This smoke is sickening! I must go out a moment and breathe a little fresh air!"

"He opened the door of the car and stepped out on the platform. In less than half a minute the bell rope was pulled violently, and the train came to a stand-still. In common with numerous other passengers, I went out of the car. The conductor, with a lantern, stood on the ground near our coach and the engineer was extended, half-length, out of his window, and just as I reached the ground he shouted:

"What's up, Bill?"

"We've run over something or somebody," said the conductor. "Hold 'er a minute and I'll investigate!"

"I assisted in the investigation. A short distance back on the track we found one of poor Jim's legs, then part of his body, and finally the balance of his anatomy."

"Now, of course, I don't know that Jim threw himself deliberately under the wheels and I didn't feel obliged to volunteer any opinion of that kind at the inquest. No questions were asked me regarding our business to the city, nor was the subject of his physical condition made a matter of inquiry. His pocket-book and the accident insurance ticket were intact, and his wife got the three thousand without a protest. But, poor girl! it didn't do her much good. She hadn't begun to recover from the shock of Jim's death, when her children all died within a week from an epidemic of malignant diphtheria, and the poor thing was laid beside her husband in less than six months after the accident."

At this juncture, the whistle of the relief train was heard, and the bustle and excitement of the transfer from our snow-bound coaches to those that were awaiting us beyond the "cut," separated the "drummer" and myself, and whether he had any excuses, or apologies or justifications or philosophizings for the conclusion of his narrative is a matter which will probably never be known.

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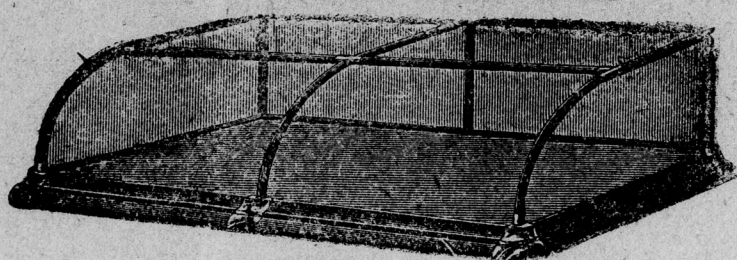
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Next Meeting—At Grand Rapids, March 7 and 8.

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President—Arthur Bassett, Detroit.
First Vice-President—G. H. Harwood, Potosky.
Second Vice-President—H. B. Fairchild, Grand Rapids.
Third Vice-President—Henry Kephart, Berrien Springs.
Secretary—S. E. Parkhill, Owosso.
Treasurer—Wm. Dupont, Detroit.
Executive Committee—Geo. Lundrum, Frank Ingles.
A. H. Lyman, John E. Peak, E. T. Webb.
Local Secretary—James Varior, Detroit.
Next Meeting—At Detroit, September 4, 5 and 7.

Grand Rapids Pharmaceutical Society.
Organized October 9, 1884.
President—H. E. Lockyer.
Vice-President—J. W. Hayward.
Secretary—Frank H. Kocott.
Treasurer—Henry B. Fairchild.
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Regular Meetings—First Thursday evening in each month.
Annual Meeting—First Thursday evening in November.
Next Meeting—Thursday evening, February 2, at the Tradesmen's office.

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Annual Meeting—First Wednesday in June.
Regular Meetings—First Wednesday in each month.

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Secretary—A. E. Russell.
Berrien County Pharmaceutical Society.
President—H. M. Dean, Secretary, Henry Kephart.

Chilwaukee County Druggists' Association.
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President, F. S. Leimig, Secretary, Wm. Kephart.

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Oscoda County Pharmaceutical Society.
President, F. W. Fincher, Secretary, Frank Cady.

Saginaw County Pharmaceutical Society.
President, Jay Smith, Secretary, D. E. Trail.
Seventy-two Out of One Hundred.

At the meeting of the State Board of Pharmacy, held here last week, fifty-two passed out of a class of seventy-seven applicants for certificates as licensed pharmacists, and twenty passed out of twenty-three would-be assistant pharmacists. Following are the names and residences of the fortunate seventy-two:

LICENSED PHARMACISTS.
W. D. Ballou, Grand Rapids; L. D. Banghart, Ann Arbor; F. Baugs, North Lansing; J. H. Benson, Morley; W. E. Burke, Ann Arbor; C. B. Baker, St. Johns; Jerry Croley, Lapeer; M. B. Cuncannon, Pierson; H. M. Dean, Niles; D. L. Daumon, Ewart; L. S. Flagg, Grand Rapids; W. Fraser, Detroit; W. S. Graetz, Chicago; A. J. Grenney, Saginaw; T. Gridley, Grand Rapids; R. W. Harrison, Ontario; G. F. Hollister, Benton Harbor; O. C. Holm, Manistee; F. M. Holmes, Sparta; A. Hopperstedt, Muskegon; J. C. Hueston, Northville; D. H. Johnson, William Korr, Detroit; V. A. Lowe, Benton Harbor; F. B. Malcom, Grand Rapids; W. S. Menger, Toronto; Otto Mix, Muskegon; W. Moxon, Springfield; G. F. Orser, Byron Center; C. Osseward, Grand Rapids; N. B. Pierson, Three Rivers; W. D. Bowles, Battle Creek; C. A. Sams, Luther; Theo. G. Sands, Battle Creek; W. K. Schmidt, Grand Rapids; W. A. Seer, St. Louis; Geo. Senor, Chicago; S. E. Snodgrass, Delaware, Ohio; Edgar A. Steele, Kalamazoo; C. F. Streichert, Saginaw; W. W. Todd, Adrian; C. B. Vanderpool, Hamilton; C. Vining, Lake View; J. L. Wallace, Kalamazoo; E. Walling, Coopersville; W. W. Welsh, Muskegon; P. T. Williams, Grand Rapids; Wm. G. Williams, East Lake; H. W. Yates, Big Rapids; A. P. Young, Detroit; F. J. Young, Detroit.

ASSISTANT PHARMACISTS.
B. Bertram, Detroit; H. Y. Bodine, Clio; J. H. Bryan, Charlotte; H. R. Coster, Holland; S. A. Crane, Hillsdale; C. Dykema, Grand Rapids; C. K. Eiler, Grand Haven; A. J. Gies, Detroit; A. B. Howard, Kent City; H. N. Jenner, Allegan; J. H. Judson, Otisville; Otto Klemm, Grand Rapids; C. E. McCarty, Cedar Springs; Geo. E. McAvoy, Muskegon; I. Pettitt, Cedar Springs; O. Schmidt, Detroit; R. A. Servis, Hart; Geo. E. Wallace, Allegan; C. S. Whitfield, Grand Rapids; C. K. York, Detroit.

The next meeting of the Board will be held in Detroit the first week in July.

Annual Meeting of the Berrien County Society.
BERRIEN SPRINGS, March 9, 1888.

E. A. Stowe, Grand Rapids.
DEAR SIR—The Berrien County Pharmaceutical Society met at Benton Harbor on March 7, with a large attendance. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Henry Kephart, Berrien Springs.
First Vice-President—W. A. Ward, Eau Claire.
Second Vice-President—Geo. S. Recoby, St. Joseph.

Secretary and Treasurer—John A. Gibbs, Benton Harbor.

Executive Board—Wm. Rigner, Buchanan; H. M. Dean, Niles; B. Brown, Stevensville; B. Hinchman, Sawyer; S. D. Walden, Watervliet.

Yours respectfully, HENRY KEPHART.

Proprietary Medicine Men Aroused.

Some time ago Assemblyman J. Wesley Smith, of New York, introduced a bill in the Albany Legislature making it unlawful for the manufacturers of proprietary medicines to sell them unless they should first reveal to the State Board of Health the formulae of the ingredients composing them. There was a further requirement that none of these medicines should be sold unless the bottles containing them should each have printed upon the wrapper in the English language a statement of the ingredients.

On February 28, the committee on general laws gave a hearing on this bill, and there appeared in opposition to it Dr. R. V. Pierce, Dr. S. J. Humphrey, Dr. M. W. Fennell and Dr. J. D. Hodge. They submitted

a statement showing that in New York State there are 108 manufacturers of patent medicines, which employ a capital of \$5,513,480, and yearly manufacture medicines worth \$1,539,178. The value of all this property would be destroyed, they said, if its owners were compelled to reveal their trade secrets. In all the United States there were 566 proprietary medicine manufacturers, employing \$10,630,880 capital, and having a yearly output of medicine to the value of \$14,682,493. The bill was a blow at all this vast business interest. Addresses were made by Dr. Pierce, Dr. Humphrey, Dr. Fennell and Dr. Hodge. Dr. Pierce, the chief speaker, said: There has rarely been a more outrageous measure introduced in the Legislature. It is a measure to put money into the pockets of ignorant druggists, and to confiscate one-half of the stock of the druggists of the United States. I hope, gentlemen, you will be slow to give your influence to such a bill. It is urged that proprietary medicines are harmful. I have not heard such a complaint. I challenge any one to show that these medicines have ever killed or harmed any one. Few physicians would submit to such a test. It is preposterous for us to print the names of the drugs we use on the labels of our bottles. If we should, I fear the Greek names would raise Cicero from the dead. Can it be that the Legislature would put such an absolute power as this in the hands of the State Board of Health? That Board is composed of allopathists. What sort of confidence would any friend of Dr. Humphrey's have that such a Board would decide fairly on his homeopathic medicines? Why, there are 5,000 proprietary medicines. Of course, any allopathic board of physicians would say that all homeopathic medicines are useless. Would you destroy all proprietary medicines at a blow? The real intent of this bill, in my opinion, is to destroy the sale of proprietary medicines. It is well known that people are on their guard against counterfeiters of proprietary medicines. They notice at once any change in labels. If we should have to change all our labels, we would be subjected to a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars by people distrusting the genuineness of the preparation. The labels are all registered at Washington and are our patent right.

The Drug Market.
Quinine is steady at unchanged prices. Opium is dull and weak. Morphine is steady. Gum camphor is very firm and tending higher. American saffron is lower. Salicin is firmer. Balsam copaiba continues scarce and high. Cattle bone has advanced. Extract logwood is higher. Insect powder is advancing.

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TIME TABLES.

Grand Rapids and Indiana.
All Trains daily except Sunday.

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Traverse City & Mackinac Ex. 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
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From Cincinnati 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Chicago 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Detroit 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Grand Rapids 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Saginaw 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From St. Louis 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From St. Paul 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Toledo 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Washington 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From New York 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Philadelphia 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Baltimore 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Cincinnati 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Chicago 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Detroit 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Grand Rapids 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Saginaw 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From St. Louis 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
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From Toledo 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From Washington 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
From New York 7:05 a.m. 11:30 a.m.
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The Michigan Tradesman.

HIS FIRST TRIP OUT.

Written Especially for THE TRADESMAN.

NOTICE, March 6, 1888.

EDITOR TRADESMAN—The question has often occurred to me why "White Wings" never grow weary, and I have at last discovered the reason. The family of "White Wings" were never traveling men and for that reason could not become so terribly tired as the song dedicated to them makes others. For four weary hours last night did I lie in my bed listening to the oft-repeated and fearfully strained strains of this ballad, and to-day it has been imperatively necessary for me to bridle my tongue, lest in reply to some civil interrogatory from a customer I should reply, "My dear sir, my name is not W. Wings, and I do grow weary."

This is a very peculiar town in which my tent is now pitched. There is not a poor building in the place, and an air of thrift, comfort and push pervades it as thoroughly as does the odor of horse in a glue factory. Every man, woman and child seems to be busy, and all are well and even luxuriously dressed. There is but one vacant store in the place and that is being vacated to-day, while many new buildings are in course of erection.

I called on John Push & Co. this morning, and the interior of their store would do credit to Grand Rapids. I noticed a very peculiar appearance of the book-keeper's desk, and could not, for a long time, discover the cause. As I glanced at an unused shelf overhead, I saw at once what was the matter. There were piled a miscellaneous assortment of books—ledgers, cash-books, journals, etc.—but the desk had not one upon it, and, as I glanced at the open safe, I saw that the usual receptacle for books was filled by a large strong box.

Mr. Push wanted quite a lot of goods, but I was somewhat timid about selling him, as I did not know his rating and the utter lack of book-keeping facilities put me on my guard. So, during our talk, I quoted him the stiffest 90-day prices I had in my grip, and acted more as though I was around there to pass away time than to sell goods as if my pie and potted turkey depended on the number of order-blanks I filled in a week.

"Mr. Push," said I, in a careless, Vanderbiltian tone of voice, during a pause in the conversation, "I don't wish to seem inquisitive, but would you mind revealing your inmost soul to a lonely wayfarer by informing me by what system of gigantic brain work you keep your books? As a general thing, I make it a practice to keep my watch out of other people's pawn-shops, but you will pardon my curiosity in this instance, I am sure."

"Certainly, my dear sir; with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Push. "It is not at all a secret. The immense memory which you impute to me I do not possess—no more than I do a set of books. Neither is necessary in our business. Our system is the simplest, most profitable and least productive of annoyance and loss of sleep in the world. In the first place," he continued, with a quizzical glance at me and the high prices he had jotted down on a piece of wrapping paper as I gave them, "when we buy a bill of goods of a salesman we say nothing about time, terms, etc., but get his lowest cash quotations, order what we need—and no more than we can use—take a memorandum of the order, and pay spot cash. When the goods arrive, they are checked up with the mem. and, if O. K., the bill is filed away and the mem. destroyed. That is easy enough, you see."

"Yes, simple as I am," I gasped; "but how about your customers and their little song, 'Tack It On the Wall, where the Sun Will Fade It Out?'"

"That is the easiest portion of our business, my dear boy," he affectionately replied. "Four years ago, those books you see up there were filled from end to end with open accounts—some good as the wheat and more as bad as possible. To-day, we haven't a collectable dollar outstanding. We determined, at that time, to adopt a new plan. We formed a mutual trust—not the kind which robs the poor and fills the coffers of the rich, but a trust which works both ways, and it's a poor one that won't. One day, after my partner and I had talked the matter over with our competitors and persuaded them to agree to it, we called a public meeting of our customers and neighbors, and made the proposition to them that if they would agree to pay us cash for their purchases in the future, we would sell to them at a net profit of 3 per cent. Most of them accepted the proposition, and the dead-beats we have frozen out, while the town has increased 50 per cent. in population since. By the way, did you notice that stock of groceries being moved out down yonder? Well, that man came here four months ago, thinking he would have a picnic and all the trade by selling goods on credit. At first, the citizens wanted to tar and feather him, but we merchants advised against such a proceeding, and to-day he has got about a wagon-load of goods and no money out of a \$4,000 stock. He got lots of trade from outside, but—his gone up." And a smile hovered around his mouth, while he hummed the air, "See, the Conquered Merchant Goes," softly, under his breath.

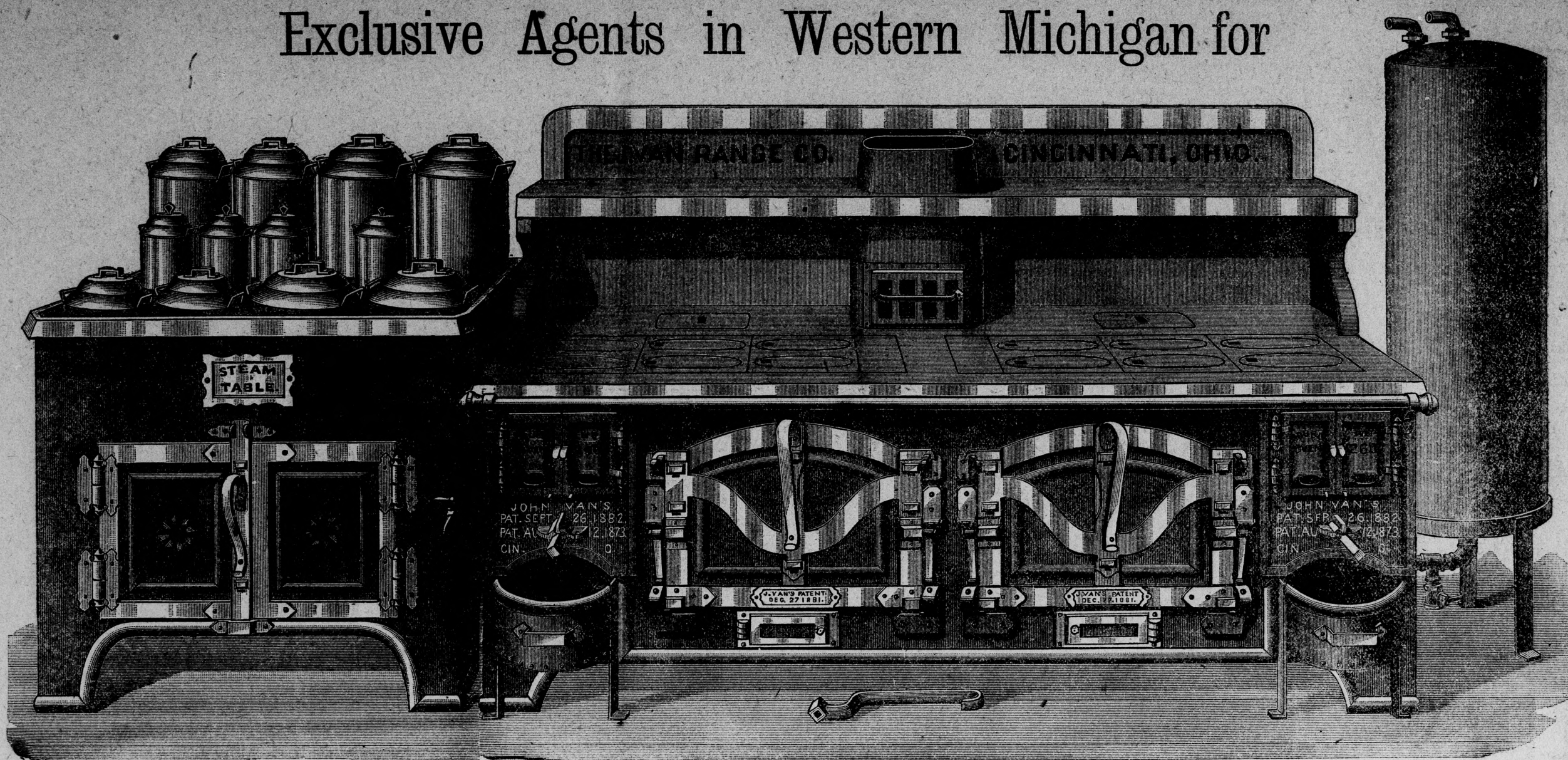
"Mr. Push," said I, cautiously, like unto a man who walketh upon the playful tack or foothold with the agile end of a mule, "I guess, perhaps, I can shade those prices a trifle. I received a telegram from the house last night, instructing me to cut a trifle, after dinner to-day. If you will be at leisure about two o'clock, I will call around and make your eyes bung out."

After dinner, I was there, and went about four rounds down the ladder, or anything. He gave me a very nice order, and is going to introduce me to several other merchants to-night, at a P. P. (progressive poker) party—no prizes—so I guess I will make up a little for lost time.

Yours, being bull-head thick and lots of grass,
F. O. B.

FOSTER, STEVENS & CO.,

Exclusive Agents in Western Michigan for



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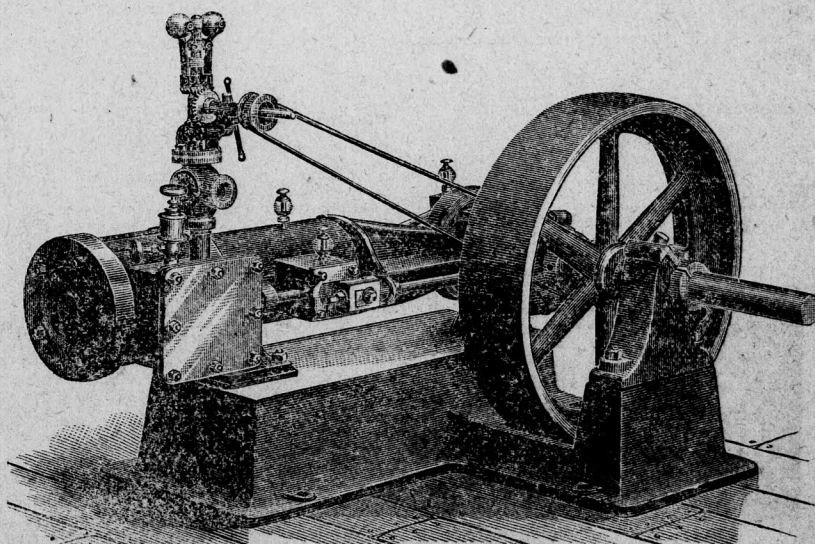
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